

ABILENE REFLECTOR

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STROTHER BROS.

IF.

If you should come all suddenly
And let the soft, sweet glow of your eyes
Light up the darkness of this chamber room,
And chase away the dreariness of this day of
gloom,
And grace it with the dawning of a glad sur-
prise,
How quickly would the shadows flee,
And looking out, amazed, I'd say:
"O beautiful, bright, happy day,
How could I think you dark and cold,
When in your heart such joy you hold,
O fair, sweet day?"

Now while I'm sitting here alone,
And bending, weary, to my work,
If from your curtain's gloomy fold,
That seems the spirit of the cloud to hold,
Who'd darkest shadows in it lurk,
Should suddenly, from a niche unknown,
The star-splendor of your presence
shine
Then I should say through passing gloom:
"Why did I think you dark, fair room,
When every niche is all as-shine
With light and bloom?"

If o'er this heavy, dingy tone
Your gentle hand should wander swift,
How quickly would each leaf be edged with
gold,
And every shining page would hold
A message sweeter than a fairy gift,
And down through long dead years would
pour
The fair faint echo of the sage's vow,
In music sweeter than the world hath known,
And looking up surprised I'd say:
"I wonder why this gloomy day
So fair hath grown."

If while the wind is making moan
Through leafless branches of the trees,
And I am trying, all in vain,
To shut away the sob of pain,
Your voice came floating on the breeze,
How would its long-remembered tone,
In music sweet fall on my ear,
And I no more the moan would hear,
But your voice my heart would fill
With its music and its thrill,
And its echo clear.

—Mary Torrance, in *Demorest's Monthly*.

MR. MARKBY'S REVENGE.

How a Cunning Brice-a-Brace Dealer Hum-
bled a Proud Family.

When the Annerlys discovered that Mr. Samuel Markby, whose acquaintance they had made during their summer trip on the Continent, kept a brice-a-brace shop in Bond street, they found themselves in a very awkward predicament, for, never doubting that his social position was equal to their own, they had, upon their return to town, sent him a card of invitation to a dinner party. It was only upon receiving his reply that Mr. Annerly had the curiosity to look up his name in the directory, where the humiliating truth stood revealed. Both the girls were highly disgusted and indignant, especially Miss Amy Annerly, the younger sister; for, to tell the truth, she had rather encouraged Mr. Markby's attentions when they were abroad. Mrs. Annerly hastened to atone for her indiscretion by writing a second letter to the young man, stating that the invitation had been sent under a misapprehension, and declining to renew their acquaintance. She took care to express herself in the clearest terms, without much regard for his feelings, and, by way of avoiding any misunderstanding in the future, she and her daughters cut Mr. Markby dead when they chanced to meet him in the street shortly afterwards.

There is no doubt that Sam Markby had just cause to complain of the Annerlys' conduct; but, on the other hand, he had been guilty of deception. He was a good-looking, young fellow, of pleasing manners and appearance; but, being snobbish enough to feel ashamed of his business, he always endeavored to convey the impression that he was a gentleman at large. Though he told the Annerlys no lies about himself, he carefully concealed the fact that he was a retail tradesman, and never even hinted that he was in business of any kind.

But Sam would by no means admit that he was in any way to blame for the unpleasantness that had occurred. His rage and indignation were unbounded, the more especially as he considered that Miss Amy had trifled with his affections. He resolved, therefore, to be revenged upon the Annerlys for the slight they had put upon him, and, after being cut by them in the street he took the earliest opportunity of calling upon his friend, Mr. Jonah Montagu, the fashionable money-lender, on the chance of picking up a little information that might be useful to him.

Mr. Jonah Montagu was a student of human nature on a vast scale, and, having interested motives, he followed his pursuit with keensuit and ardor. There was hardly a prominent individual in London society whose private affairs he did not know something about, and Sam not unreasonably hoped that he might have some knowledge of the Annerlys. Mr. Montagu received him in a perfectly easy and natural manner, for Sam was in the habit of intrusting him with his spare cash to invest on profitable terms, as his father had done before him.

"Well, Sammy, my son, what brings you here?" inquired the great man, patting his visitor affectionately on the shoulder with his bejeweled hand.

"Not business this time, Mr. Montagu. I want to have a little chat in a friendly way."

"By all means, my boy. What is it?" said Mr. Montagu, cordially.

"Do you know any one of the name of Annerly?"

"Annerly! Annerly! There was a young Annerly who came here once to renew a small bill he had backed. He paid up all right. I believe he is now in India, with his regiment," said Mr. Montagu.

"That is the family I mean. I know the son is in India," said Sam. "But I want to find out all about the old people. Old Annerly lives at Lancaster Gate, and is something in the city."

"Oh, he is all right! Good for any amount! You needn't be afraid," said Mr. Montagu, reassuringly.

"You don't know anything against him, then?" said Sam, biting his nails.

"No, I don't!" returned Mr. Montagu, looking surprised; "nor any of his family, for that matter. By the by, you know who Mrs. A. was, of course?"

"Mrs. Annerly! No! Who was she?" inquired Sam, quickly.

"She was the daughter of old Tom Rogers, who kept the 'Silver Grid' in Finchbury Street years ago. You wouldn't think it, would you? I'm told the Annerlys move in tip-top society. But her father died when she was quite

a child, so I suppose she has cut the connection."

"Then it seems she hasn't got much to be proud of after all," said Mr. Markby, spitefully. "Only a publican's daughter! She gives herself the airs of a Duchess."

"They mostly do, my boy, when they come from nothing. By the by," added Mr. Montagu, thoughtfully, "she had a brother once—a regular bad lot. The last I heard of him was that he was quodded for forgery, and I believe he is still alive."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed Sam, exultantly.

Mr. Montagu seemed a good deal surprised at his young friend's evident satisfaction; but he asked no questions, and Sam shortly afterwards took his departure with a radiant countenance. He was a vindictive little man, and he hurried off to concoct some scheme of revenge based upon the discovery he had made. But, though the secret of Mrs. Annerly's origin seemed at first sight to furnish promising material to work upon, he found a difficulty in utilizing it to his satisfaction.

The Annerlys had attained too firm a foothold in society to be easily assailed, and though it would do them no good to have it spread about that Mrs. Annerly was the daughter of a publican and the sister of a returned convict, the scandal was hardly likely to affect the position materially. The consequence was that Sam gloated over the compromising secret for some months, while waiting for an opportunity to turn it to account. Meanwhile he cherished his resentment, for he was one of those morbid-minded individuals who brood over their wrongs and never forget an injury.

At length the newspapers announced the engagement of Miss Amy Annerly with young Lord Reaveley, the Earl of Bestwood's son. As Sam's vindictiveness was intensified by a thrill of jealousy, he perceived that the time had come to discharge his venom. The occasion was promising, for it was hardly likely that Lord Reaveley could be aware of Miss Annerly's antecedents. As for the Earl, Sam was convinced from what he had heard of him that he would never consent to his son making such a marriage. The prospect of breaking off the match, thereby aiming a blow at the Annerlys in general and at Miss Amy in particular, while at the same time giving circulation to the scandal, filled him with savage satisfaction. He was the more eager to avail himself of the opportunity, because he realized that, if the marriage took place, the Annerlys' social position would be so strengthened that his precious secret would be valueless.

His first impulse was to communicate direct with Lord Reaveley or his father, but he naturally preferred to keep in the background. A more effectual and at the same time a safer plan seemed to be to work his revenge through some influential third person, and with this reflection the name of Lord Algernon Todd, the Earl of Bestwood's brother, naturally occurred to him.

Lord Algernon was well-known among the money-lenders at the West End of town, and he had also been mixed up in many shady transactions east of Temple Bar. Always impetuous, and by no means overscrupulous, Lord Algernon was a ready tool of company promoters, and though his aristocratic name had long since lost its alluring influence with the knowing portion of the British public, he still found it a marketable commodity. With his family, however, Lord Algernon had always contrived to remain outwardly, at least—upon good terms, having a keen eye to his own interests. But for this circumstance his reputation would hardly have survived his moral delinquencies. As it was, many of the best houses were closed against him, but in club and on the turf, and, in fact, on neutral ground he was rather popular than otherwise, on account of his genial manners and his imperturbable good humor.

It occurred to Sam Markby that Lord Algernon might easily be prevailed upon to open the eyes of his brother, the Earl, and generally to make things unpleasant for the Annerlys. He knew there was no love lost between him and his nephew, so that the prospect of interfering with the lad's happiness would not be likely to deter him. Moreover it was notorious that Lord Algernon was the most obliging man in the world when properly managed, and Sam was sufficiently well acquainted with him to feel no hesitation about paying him a visit.

Lord Algernon always made a point of being pleasant and affable to gentlemen of Sam Markby's peculiar line of business. When he called he received him in his bedroom, where he was undergoing the process of shaving, and he greeted his visitor as familiarly as though he had been his dearest friend. At a sign from his master, the well-trained valet placed a box of cigars and a liqueur stand at Sam's elbow and disappeared.

"What is in the wind, Mr. Markby?" inquired his Lordship, affably.

"I called to make a communication of a private nature to you, my Lord," said Sam, with a shade of embarrassment.

"Oh!" said Lord Algernon, glancing approvingly in the looking-glass at the reflection of his valet's handiwork.

"Well, take a cigar and a glass of curacao, and fire away."

"I hear your nephew, Lord Reaveley, is going to be married," remarked Sam, as he availed himself of Lord Algernon's hospitality.

"Miss Annerly is the young lady's name, I'm told."

"I don't know much about my nephew's affairs, but I believe that is so," said Lord Algernon, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose Lord Bestwood is not aware that the young lady's mother is the daughter of a publican and the sister of a convict?" said Sam, endeavoring to look unconcerned.

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Lord Algernon with genuine surprise, "you don't say so?"

Sam proceeded to give Lord Algernon all the information he possessed, and as he had taken the trouble to verify Mr. Montagu's statement, he was able to convince his Lordship of the accuracy of his assertion.

"Well," remarked Lord Algernon, coolly, when he had finished, "all I can say is, it is devilish lucky for the young lady that my brother knows nothing of all this."

"I suppose the Earl would forbid the marriage," said Sam, eagerly.

"Most certainly; and I don't think Reaveley would come up to the scratch, either," said his Lordship, stroking his eyed mustache thoughtfully.

"I felt it my duty to tell your Lordship," remarked Sam, rather crestfallen at Lord Algernon's demeanor, "before it was too late."

"Too late! Oh! you think I ought to interfere, eh?" said Lord Algernon, with a curious smile.

"Of course I don't presume to advise or suggest; but imagined you might consider it advisable to do so, my Lord," said Sam, endeavoring in vain to hide his eagerness.

"After all, the Annerlys are marrying into your family under false pretenses, as it were."

"Perhaps you are right. In fact, upon reflection, I think I ought to open my brother's eyes. One owes something to one's family, after all," remarked Lord Algernon, sententially.

"Quite so, my Lord. Besides, it would serve the Annerlys right to be reminded of their proper position," said Sam.

"Yes. It would be impossible to conceal the reason for breaking off the match," said Lord Algernon, with a meaning glance.

"I suppose I may take it that I should be rendering you a service, also, Mr. Markby," he added, pleasantly.

"Well, my Lord, I don't mind owning between you and me, that I owe the Annerlys a grudge," acquiesced Sam, rather unwillingly. "But the information I have given your Lordship is true, nevertheless, and I thought you might be glad to know it."

"I am, Mr. Markby. The more I reflect the more obvious my duty appears to be. As for the Annerlys, it is like their infernal impudence," said Lord Algernon, gravely, though Sam fancied he detected a grin about the corners of his mouth.

"However, you may safely leave the matter in my hands. By the by, Markby," added his Lordship, in an off-hand tone, "oddly enough I was coming to see you. Just look at that picture on the sofa there. I'm told it's worth £500."

"Your Lordship mustn't believe all you are told," said Sam, recognizing the work of art referred to as an old acquaintance. "I suppose you took it instead of cash?"

"I had to. That little thief Isaac insisted. Of course, it isn't worth half what he says," laughed Lord Algernon, good-humoredly. "I'll tell you what though, Markby, you shall have it for £200."

Sam was not unprepared for something of this kind. He had brought his check-book with him, knowing that Lord Algernon never rendered a service without some equivalent. He raised a faint protest, but ultimately yielded with good grace. The picture was intrinsically almost valueless; but he did not object to pay for the luxury of revenge, and he perceived that Lord Algernon needed some incentive. He therefore wrote a check, and arranged to send for the picture—Lord Algernon volunteering to look in the course of a day or two, and let him know the result of his mission.

His Lordship was better than his word, for the very next afternoon he strolled into Sam's shop and accosted him in his sanctum.

"I lost no time, you see. It was an exceedingly unpleasant business," he said, mysteriously. "My brother was a good deal cut up for the youngster's sake; but the marriage is off. Reaveley, I hear, is awfully indignant with old Annerly. The fact is, I think Annerly behaved mightily deceitfully, and so do other people, as he will find out. I shouldn't wonder if the Annerlys were cold-shouldered next season."

"Oh! It is known already?" said Sam, highly delighted.

"Well, it is known in a quiet way. I've mentioned it to several mutual friends, with my brother's consent. In fact, in self-defense, we are bound to publish the reason for Reaveley backing out."

"Naturally. Then, I suppose it is no longer a secret," said Sam, exultantly.

"About the engagement being broken off? Not the least. As regards the other thing, we don't want it to get into the papers for our own sakes. But the Annerlys will soon find people know about it."

Sam felt strongly tempted when Lord Algernon had departed to write a letter of mock condolence to Miss Annerly, but he had sufficient sense of decency to refrain. His satisfaction was complete when he heard the Annerlys had suddenly left town, and he considered he had effectually revenged himself. He never crossed his mind that Lord Algernon had played him false, and consequently the announcement which appeared in the papers shortly afterward of the marriage of Lord Reaveley and Miss Amy Annerly came upon him like a thunder-clap. The ceremony had taken place down in the country, and among the guests present at the wedding Lord Algernon Todd's name was conspicuous. Before he could realize the meaning of his lordship's conduct, he received the following note from Mr. Montagu, which clearly explained the situation:

DEAR SAM: If you know where to lay your hand on any of Lord Algy Todd's papers, buy it immediately, either on your own account or on mine. I hear on the best authority that Mr. Annerly, whose daughter was married the other day, is going to pay his debts. Between you and me, I fancy Lord Algy must have got hold of that scandal about Mrs. A. and done a good stroke of business.

Ever thine,
"J. M."

—When Durango, Col., three years ago was a wild new town, where grocery boxes were used for the post-office delivery, the pioneer *Record* was started by Mrs. Romney, a bright Western woman. That was long before there was even a school-teacher there. When the fearful period of bloodshed began in Durango this lady was bold in her denunciations of the desperadoes, even when these, with ready revolvers, "held the town," and she kept it up, even when the outlaws threatened to destroy her office, until finally order was restored. She then sold her paper to General Marsh and went to Southern California. —*Chicago Herald*.

—Oatmeal cookies combine many good qualities, and will be relished by children. Make them just like an ordinary sugar cookie, using two-thirds oatmeal and one-third wheat flour. —*N. Y. Post*.

Lost in the Woods.

Mrs. Laura J. Reynolds and Miss Jeannette R. Kempton, of this city, recently had a thrilling adventure in the woods of the Island of Grand Manan, a large island in the Bay of Fundy, which is of late become quite a resort for artists and others who are fond of the sublime in nature. These two ladies, accompanied by Mrs. Reynolds' two children, being at Eastport, Me., concluded to make a flying visit to Grand Manan, and set out for Flagg's Cove. After spending a day at this place they started, accompanied by Mr. Louis Bagger, of Washington, on the morning of September 21, to visit Dark Harbor, the most picturesque locality on the island, and on the mountainous west shore.

About three miles of the distance from Flagg's Cove to Dark Harbor the roads are good, and there was no difficulty in driving to Mr. Schofield's house, where the party expected to find a guide to conduct them to Dark Harbor. Arriving at this place, however, it was found that all the men, including the guide, had left for Northern Head, and no one could be found except an elderly woman, who advised the party not to proceed any further in the absence of a guide, as the roads were both difficult and dangerous. Having come so far, however, and fully made up their minds to see Dark Harbor before leaving, it was determined to push on through the woods without a guide, and trust to a small pocket-compass and Mr. Bagger's instincts to find the way to Dark Harbor and back. Dark Harbor was soon reached, amid the joyous shouts of the whole party.

About half-past four o'clock the party started on their return to Schofield's. Having marked the path leading from the mountain down to the cove by tying pocket-handkerchiefs and pieces of paper to the trees and bushes, there was at first no difficulty in finding the trail, and the mountain was reached and passed without any accident. Here, however, the marks of the footprints were lost. Renewed efforts were made to find the trail by which they had come, but in vain. It was agreed that the children should be kept in ignorance of the fact that the party was lost, and harking that they were a little tired, having walked for more than seven miles, with only a few hours' rest, they did as well as the grown people. The darker it grew the more evident it became that it would be utterly useless to attempt to find a trail in the dense woods amid the mountains and ravines in that part of the island. It was resolved as the best and only safe course to pursue under the circumstances, to camp over night.

The grass was too wet to permit of the starting of a fire, and even if it had not been so, not a single match could be found. The children soon fell asleep. It was so cold that the breath froze on the pocket-handkerchiefs which had been spread over their faces. The spot which had been selected for the camp, and which was the only available place, was so dark, that it would have been dangerous to tramp around more than five yards in either direction.

All night long, at regular intervals, Miss Kempton and Mr. Bagger would cry out the well-known Alpine "hail" used by the guides in the Alps, and which can be heard for miles in the clear air of Switzerland; but no replies came, and their voices soon gave out.

At last, shortly after dawn, Miss Kempton fancied that she heard the faint report of a gun; this was followed by another and another. Again the Alpine call was sounded, this time by the entire party, and was answered by the distant barking of a dog and the firing of more guns. Nearer and nearer came the guns, and it was evident that the relief party, aided by the dogs, were on the trail. At times, however, the reports seemed to be further off, and the suspense was terrible until the reports, coming again nearer, it was evident they were again on the right track. But an hour elapsed before they came so near that their voices could be heard, although they were hallooing as hard as they could.

It was nearly five o'clock when the relief party, consisting of twelve sturdy fishermen from Northern Head, reached the camp, armed with lanterns, blankets and a jug of brandy. By this time the rescued ones had become well nigh exhausted, none of them being able to stand on their feet, but after a taste of the contents of the jug and rubbing down with blankets, the party was so far restored that they could be carried back to the starting point at Schofield's. It was then ascertained that the place where the party had spent the night was in the most deserted and dangerous part of the island, seven miles from the nearest habitation, and that, had it not been for the fortunate circumstance that one of the search party had a dog, by which the trail, which had been lost during the night was rediscovered, the chances were ten to one that the party would never have been found until relief in any shape or form would have been too late. —*Philadelphia Press*.

A Solomon Come to Judgment.

It has long been a disputed question whether women arrayed themselves in gorgeous attire for the purpose of being looked at and admired by men, or to excite the envy of other women; but a legal decision has been reached at last. A New York woman appeared before a magistrate the other day charging her dress-maker with having cheated her by putting inferior goods in her gown and not making the same in a stylish manner. The dress was produced as evidence, and the Judge promptly empaneling six reporters as a jury, directed them to examine the garment. They did so with one eye each, or six eyes in all, fixed upon the dress-maker, who was present and pretty. They decided that the dress was all right, and when the complainant protested that they were not competent, and that ladies should be called to examine it, she was sternly rebuked. "You bought the goods of a man," said that wise man, "and had it made for gentlemen to look at. They have looked at it and decided against you. The case is dismissed." —*Detroit Post and Tribune*.

—Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding. —*D. M. Millock*.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Patti has been singing for thirty years, and Nilsson for twenty.

—Frances Earl Bryant, of Fulton, N. Y., wears a dress-skirt like other women, but the upper part of her costume is a man's coat, vest, collar and Derby hat. —*Troy Times*.

—It was in November, a hundred years ago, that old John Jacob Astor set sail from Germany for New York with nothing but a five-pound note and seven German futes in his pocket. —*N. Y. Times*.

—The husband of the late Mrs. Fanny Sprague, of Rhode Island, mother of the ex-Governor, was murdered in 1843, and John Gorton was hanged for participation in the crime. —*Providence Journal*.

—General Crook, the Indian-fighter, is said to be very abstemious, not drinking any kind of alcoholic liquor, tea or coffee. His favorite beverage is fresh milk. In dress he is equally plain, but he is not in the least degree slovenly. —*Chicago Journal*.

—Mr. A. D. Hatch, of New Bedford, who originated the New Bedford express when the railroad was first opened to that city, refers his friends to the nineteenth Psalm of David, the tenth verse. He was still active and genial, as in earlier times, on his seventieth natal day. —*Boston Post*.

—Mr. John R. French, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms of the United States Senate, in his lecture, "Ten Years Among the Senators," ranks William Pitt Fessenden as the greatest member of that body he ever knew, but says he went in and out of the Senate Chamber with less pretension than the man who opened and shut the doors. —*Indianapolis Journal*.

—Mr. Capel was asked what struck him most forcibly in this country, and he replied: "The precociousness of children." He says that while in Baltimore the Archbishop took him to call on a lady. While making the visit a boy aged four years came in the room, and his mother said: "My son, speak to the Archbishop." He obeyed readily, and, holding out his hand, said: "How do, Arch?" —*Chicago Tribune*.

—Comptroller Knox, of the Treasury Department, is thus described: "His personal appearance is quite striking, his tall, well-nourished figure, dignified carriage, topped by a head as massive as a mail, gray mustache and hair, bright eyes twinkling behind golden-rimmed glasses, heavy jaws, expressive of resolution, and under lip slightly pursed, apparently by habits of calculation, constitute an ensemble calculated to attract a second look at the man, aside from the knowledge of his fame." —*N. Y. Post*.

HUMOROUS.

—A regular kidnaper—soothing sirup. —*Philadelphia Herald*.

—The question is: Can a girl who doesn't use powder make her hair bang? —*Mr. Jipso indulges largely in hyperbole*, remarked the high-school girl to her mother. "Yes," answered the old lady; "Mrs. Jones told me he'd taken to drinking; I'm so sorry for his wife, poor thing." —*Oil City Derrick*.

—The Boston girl goes into a music store and asks for "saccharine specimens of the genus violae odor violaceae, perennial herbaceous plants, acaulescent or caulescent, peduncles angular, solitary." And the clerk wants to know if Fritz Emmt wrote it, and she faints. —*Chicago Times*.

—Two Parisian Esau's were taking supper at a farm-house near Orleans. All at once one of them made a wry face, called the housewife and showed her a very fine blonde hair in the harp-ragout. The good woman smiled and said: "Yes, there is one, after all; excuse me, gentlemen, I thought I had taken them all out!"

—A writer in a Northern newspaper says that he can throw a piece of Arkansas corn-bread through a brick wall ten feet thick. This story is greatly exaggerated, as nine feet and a half is the thickest wall through which a piece of bread can be thrown. Such reckless writers tend to bring a State into contempt. —*Arkansas Traveller*.

—"Aw, you can sell me, aw, a blue neck-tie to match my eyes, you know?" inquired an Austin dude in a gentleman's furnishing store. "Don't know as I can exactly," replied the salesman. "but I can fit you with a soft hat to match that head." Then the dude withdrew from the store, a crushed strawberry hue effusing his effeminate features. —*Texas Siftings*.

—Nothing could go beyond an advertisement we met with lately of a Yankee auctioneer. It offered for sale a "sweet and pensive retirement" on the banks of the Hudson, and after describing the "streams of sparkling brightness" and the "fruits of the tropics in golden beauty," mentions that "the stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Achilles, and its herony was built expressly for the birds of Paradise, while somber in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dog-house." —*Chicago Tribune*.

—Dr. J. Marion Sims having pronounced Washington the most beautiful city in the world, a Washington newspaper says: "Dr. Sims has an international reputation, a hundred-thousand-dollar practice, a palace on Madison avenue, New York, and decorations enough to cover his body with medals and crosses. After the war, when food and medicine were scarce and disease plentiful, he sent his old South Carolina neighbors one of his fees, twenty thousand dollars, and his heart acknowledges their every claim for sympathy."

—An evasive answer: "Pat," said his reverence, "I shall be very busy this afternoon, and if any one calls I do not wish to be disturbed." "All right, sir; I will tell them you're not in?" "No, Pat; that would be a lie." "An phwat'll I say, yer reverence?" "Oh, just put them off with an evasive answer." At supper time Pat was asked if any one had called. "Faix, there d'd." "And what did you tell him?" said the priest. "Shure, an' I give him an evasive answer." "How was that?" queried his reverence. "He axed me was yer honor, an' I sez to him, sez I: 'W. Y. yer gran'mother a hoot-owl?'" —*N. Y. Graphic*.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Ditching and draining should be done in the fall. —*Chicago Journal*.

—Changing flocks from one pasture to another is conducive to the health of the flock. —*San Francisco Chronicle*.

—Whoever depends on the milk-strainer for securing clean milk will never make gilt-edged butter. —*Exchange*.

—Watch your sitting hens, and if an egg gets broken wash the remaining eggs in tepid water. Hens should not be allowed to sit where they will be annoyed with other occupants of the poultry yard.

—To make good garden manure take earth from the woods for the basis of the compost heap. Alternate this with layers of good stable manure, and on each layer sprinkle gypsum, salt and ashes. This, by the time it is wanted next spring, will make an excellent manure for hot-beds as well as for the garden itself. —*Chicago Tribune*.

—Herbs should be dried by spreading them on trays in a dry, warm oven, turning them over often. The quicker they are dried the better, as they retain their original qualities the best when so done. The tops and leaves are the parts to be used. Free them from dirt before drying. Paper sacks are very good to keep them in after drying.

—Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of the stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in in layers make a delicious variation. —*N. Y. Post*.

How It Pays.

It pays to feed well. Let me give you a case. Having a good lot of cows, which I have bred and reared myself and trained them well to be kind and gentle in every way, I do not like to part with them. But having a few more than I could well take care of this year I rented out five of them to a neighbor. One of these cows is a cross-bred pure Ayrshire and Jersey, and with her first calf gave eight pounds of butter in the first week's churning; with her second calf she gave 12½ pounds the first week after the milk was kept, (the calf was fed on skimmed milk only). This cow is now six years old, and in her prime. The man complained of her and said she was a poor cow. "What feed do you give her?" "No feed at all but the pasture in the swamp meadow; and she milks only four quarts a day." I brought the cow home, and she was a mere skeleton in a bag of loose skin. The first milking was three pints. I began to feed her as I knew she deserved. I gave her two quarts of fine ground corn-meal and middlings mixed with cut sweet corn fodder three times a day, with what grass the pasture would afford. The fourth day she milked nine quarts, the seventh day 11½ quarts; the first four days her milk made three pounds of butter; the last three days it has made four pounds seven ounces. This is not her full yield, as she is putting on flesh, and will do so until she weighs 150 or 200 pounds more than she did when she came home.

If we figure this up the profit on this feed can be shown very easily. Four quarts a day at five cents—the price at which her milk has been sold all summer—is 20 cents. That is the value of swamp meadow feeding. Eleven and a half quarts a day is equal to 57½ cents; the feed costs 15 cents, so that this 15 cents gives 22½ cents profit. And to me the satisfaction of the thing is worth a good deal more than a dollar a day would be, for I certainly have a good deal of regard for my cows, which I have reared from the first, and each of which is a pet and regards me with evident kindness and affection. At the rate shown by these figures ten cows would return \$2.25 daily profit for the expenditure of \$1.50, which is in itself as much as many a mechanic in a city is obliged to support his whole family upon. And yet there are farmers and dairymen who are growing every day of their lives that farming does not pay. I wish some of them would change places with some of the people in towns and cities whom they profess to envy so much. What a mistake they would make. —*N. Y. Times*.

Cooking Apples.

When apples are plenty, they may be so cooked as to form an important article of diet, and that, too, without cloying the appetite. The core removed through the blossom end of fair, sour apples, the cavities filled with sugar and the apples baked, will make a nice dessert. Sweet apples are delicious when boiled in sugar and served in their own sirup. Apple shortcake and dumplings are variously made. One of the best is to fill a baking dish half full of tart, easily-cooked apples; spread over it a dough of sour cream, made stiff with flour, and a little salt and soda, and bake. Eat with sweetened cream, or a nice sauce made of one-third of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half a nutmeg and a pint of boiling water. Nice apple dumplings can be made while stewing apples, either fresh or dried. Take a cup full of rich, sour cream, with salt and soda, and stir quite stiff with flour. When the apples are nearly done, drop the batter on top, a spoonful in a place; then cover the stew-pan and cook rather slowly until done. Take off the dumplings, and lay each in a saucer with a bit of butter on top; then sweeten the applesauce, and cover the dumplings with it until the saucers are full. When stewing apples add occasionally a little lemon or orange peel; always stir in a little butter with the sugar; sometimes slice the apples thin, add sugar, a little butter and cinnamon, and stew very slowly and not quite soft. Baked sweet apples are exceedingly healthful, and with bread and milk make a nice supper for little folks. Crab apples, either whole or quartered, are good if stewed in sweetened water. Fresh apples, mellow, or crisp and juicy, deserve a place on the dinner and tea-table, and are sure to be much relished. —*Country Gentleman*.